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Cast of Characters

NARRATOR 1
NARRATOR 2
CRONOS
RHEA
URANUS
THERAPIST
ZEUS
MAN
WOMAN
PANDORA
POLICE OFFICER
HERCULES
JASON
ATALANTA
ORPHEUS
CASTOR
POLLUX
HARPIES
SIRENS
LONELY SINGLE WOMEN
MEDEA
ZOMBIE
BROTHER
EURYDICE
HADES
CHARON
FURIES
APOLLO
ACTOR 1
ACTOR 2

Author's Notes

1. Casting: This play is performable with a cast of eight insanely talented performers. Performing the play with a cast this small requires costume changes in direct view of the audience, cross-casting, funny accents, and a lot of silliness. The narrators also would assume roles in most of the scenes. It can also be done with one performer in each role, leading to a cast size of somewhere around 35. (I haven't counted them all up.) The perfect cast size is probably somewhere around 12, with each actor playing three or four parts. Also, the two-actor *Iliad* may be performed with more actors if you wish. Simply alter the lines accordingly.
2. Parts for girls: Although these scenes have been taken from Greek Mythology, there are still a lot of parts for girls, although most involve being supporting goddesses or monsters. NARRATOR 1 should definitely be played by a female. I've written NARRATOR 2 as male, but that role could be female as well. Feel free to cross-cast as many of the parts as necessary.
3. A longer, full-length version of this play is available.
4. Have FUN!

Acknowledgments

The Greek Mythology Olympiaganza (one-act) was first performed by Watauga Middle School on April 18, 2008. The original cast was as follows:

NARRATOR 1	Caitlin Wilson
NARRATOR 2	Emalyn Boyd
NARRATOR 3	Chris Habina
CRONOS.....	Undrell Thomas
RHEA	Ashley Bleibtrey
URANUS	Vincent Mondragon
THERAPIST	Adam Morales
ZEUS.....	James McMaster
NARRATOR 4	Tityanna Hudson
MAN	Andrew Sukhewatna
WOMAN.....	Britnee Schoville
PANDORA.....	Jessica Jones
POLICE OFFICER	Emalyn Boyd
NARRATOR 5	Ashley Bleibtrey
JASON.....	Troy Hatfield
HERCULES	James McMaster
ORPHEUS.....	Adam Morales
ATALANTA.....	Destiny Jones
CASTOR	Vincent Mondragon
POLLUX	Madisson Setala
HARPIES	Erin Heidrich, Jessica Jones, Tityanna Hudson
SIRENS	Erin Heidrich, Jessica Jones, Tityanna Hudson
WOMEN	Erin Heidrich, Jessica Jones, Tityanna Hudson
MEDEA.....	Britnee Schoville
ZOMBIES	Caitlin Wilson
BROTHER.....	Andrew Sukhewatna
EURYDICE	Erin Heidrich
APOLLO.....	Madisson Setala
CHARON	Chris Habina
HADES	Vincent Mondragon
FURIES	Jessica Jones, Madisson Setala, Destiny Jones, James McMaster
NARRATOR 6	Destiny Jones

Acknowledgments (continued)

ACHILLES	Troy Hatfield
PARIS	Undrell Thomas
TROJANS	Adam Morales, Andrew Sukhewatna, James McMaster
GREEKS	Caitlin Wilson
ATHENA	Emalyn Boyd
HERA	Ashley Bleibtrey
APHRODITE	Britnee Schoville
HELEN	Jessica Jones
MENELAUS.....	Vincent Mondragon
ADVISOR	Tityanna Hudson

THE GREEK MYTHOLOGY OLYMPIAGANZA

(ONE-ACT)

by Don Zolidis

(The set may truly be anything. Greek pillars. A school. A bare stage. Perhaps a complete Dionysian temple with roasting spits of pigs if you have that kind of budget. If you don't, perhaps toy pigs.)

(A spotlight circles crazily around the dark stage. Loud drumming. Perhaps a sports theme song. Something like "Get Ready for This" by 2 Unlimited.)

NARRATOR 2. *(Off-stage, on a microphone, booming like a boxing announcer:) ARRRRE YOU READY TO LEARN ABOUT GREEK MYTHOLOGEEEEE!*

(Explosions. Flames. High-energy pulsating music and colored lights. Everything you would see before going to a professional basketball game.)

(The lights come up. NARRATOR 1 and NARRATOR 2, wearing togas over their clothes, explode onto the stage.)

NARRATOR 2. Welcome to the Greek Mythology Olympiaganza!

NARRATOR 1. Hold onto your seats because in the next thirty minutes you are going to be taken on a journey—

NARRATOR 2. *(Providing an echo effect:) Journey Journey Journey journey—*

NARRATOR 1. Into the mind of the ancient Greek.

NARRATOR 2. Thrills! Gyration! Aggravations! Exhortations! Other things! I'm talking about sons killing fathers who killed their fathers who had some other kids that are like gigantic monsters with twenty five thousand heads and they're all poisonous and eating all kinds of stuff and it's awesome!

NARRATOR 1. My name is *[Actor's real name]* and I will be your captain

NARRATOR 2. Captain captain captain

NARRATOR 1. This evening

NARRATOR 2. evening evening evening

NARRATOR 1. And I will be guiding you into the murky depths of Greek mythology and bringing you back out again on the other side—

NARRATOR 2. And my name is *[Actor's real name]* and I am the pied piper of cool, the lieutenant Spock to your Captain Kirk, the father of the fable, the legend of legends, and front man of this band of merry misfits!

NARRATOR 1. Joining us on-stage—

NARRATOR 2. The dream team!

(The Actors emerge, in various states of preparedness. Some are pushed on. Some don't want to be here. Some are doing calisthenics. Some appear as if they had been announced at a basketball game.)

Trained by Stanislavski, Stella Adler, and a homeless guy named Bernie, they represent the peak of thespianical achievement!

(To the Actors:)

All right, get off the stage.

(The Actors leave, irate.)

NARRATOR 1. Let's calm it down for a moment, shall we? When you think about the Greeks, what do you think about?

(She looks for answers in the audience.)

Anyone? Anyone?

(NARRATOR 2 raises his hand.)

NARRATOR 2. Ooh. Me.

NARRATOR 1. What?

NARRATOR 2. That hairy guy who owns a restaurant.

NARRATOR 1. While it's true that many Greeks are hirsute and do own restaurants—

NARRATOR 2. And gyros. I think about gyros. Mmmm.

NARRATOR 1. You'll be surprised to know that they started Western culture. In fact, if it weren't for the Greeks we'd just be a bunch of naked illiterate savages painting ourselves blue and eating raw deer.

NARRATOR 2. That sounds awesome.

NARRATOR 1. And as punishment for their contribution to Western culture, we've been forced to study them for the past two thousand five hundred years.

NARRATOR 2. Not awesome.

NARRATOR 1. What we are going to do tonight—

NARRATOR 2. (*Interrupting:*) Prepare to be amazed.

NARRATOR 1. What we are doing—

NARRATOR 2. (*Interrupting again:*) It's awesome.

NARRATOR 1. (*To NARRATOR 2:*) Just let me tell them, okay?

NARRATOR 2. It will blow your mind. Like...you'll be like, whoah, yeah. That's what I'm talking about! That's what I'm talking about!

NARRATOR 1. Anyway, we are going to portray all of Greek Mythology for you right now.

NARRATOR 2. Right now!

(*Turns to NARRATOR 1.*)

All of it?

NARRATOR 1. All of it. In thirty minutes!

NARRATOR 2. My head is about to explode. You know what, [*NARRATOR 1's name*]? Let's do it!

(*The same high-energy music as before plays. The Narrators move to the side of the stage.*)

NARRATOR 2. At first there were the Titans.

(*CRONOS and RHEA [played by NARRATOR 1] enter.*)

The king of the Titans was Cronos.

CRONOS. My loyal subjects!

(*He looks around and notices only RHEA sitting there.*)

Or subject.

NARRATOR 2. And there were many Titans, people like...Prometheus. Epi...Epi...Epimetheus, and um...Oceanus and another guy and a guy with a hundred hands and this other dude and Uranus.

(*He snorts.*)

Uranus.

(*URANUS enters.*)

URANUS. I don't want to be this character.

NARRATOR 2. Why not?

URANUS. I don't like my name.

NARRATOR 2. What's wrong with Uranus?

URANUS. That's it! I quit. I said I wasn't going to be Uranus.

(*URANUS throws down his crown and is about to leave.*)

NARRATOR 2. All right fine. Let's call you the big U.

URANUS. Okay then.

CRONOS. Thank you Rhea. Now, I had a dream the other night that my children will one day rise up and kill us all. Thoughts?

(*The TITANS aren't sure what to do.*)

URANUS. Okay, how about this: After each child is born, you eat them.

(*CRONOS considers it.*)

CRONOS. That sounds logical.

RHEA. You want to eat my babies?

CRONOS. This is why women can't be in charge of anything. They can't make the tough decisions. Eating babies it is. Nice idea, Big U.

URANUS. Thanks, your majesty.

NARRATOR 2. Now I know what you're thinking out there: I'm not sure this is the proper family relationship. But you're just looking at it with modern eyes, in ancient times it was perfectly acceptable to... okay, it was always gross.

(*URANUS exits.*)

RHEA. Cronos, can we talk?

CRONOS. Sure honey, what's up?

RHEA. This is hard for me to say: I'd like you to stop eating our children.

CRONOS. Nag nag nag nag nag, that's all you ever do!

NARRATOR 2. So Rhea did the only thing she could do—they went to therapy.

(*A THERAPIST enters and they sit.*)

THERAPIST. That's interesting. And how do you feel about him eating the children?

RHEA. It makes me feel...upset.

THERAPIST. Go on.

RHEA. Cause he's a jerk—

THERAPIST. That's a blaming statement. We're not using blaming statements here.

CRONOS. I feel upset now.

THERAPIST. It's okay, Cronos. It's Rhea's turn to share right now. Are you listening to her?

CRONOS. Yes.

THERAPIST. Good. I think we're making progress. Go on Rhea. Tell Cronos how you feel.

RHEA. Cronos, when you eat my babies it makes me...

THERAPIST. If you don't share your feelings with him, he'll never know.

RHEA. It makes me feel angry because a lot of work went into those babies and you eating them...

THERAPIST. Keep going! We're getting somewhere now.

RHEA. Means that you're eating our love.

CRONOS. Can I respond to that?

THERAPIST. Please. That's why we're here.

CRONOS. Rhea—

THERAPIST. Yes. Look at her.

CRONOS. You need to stop complaining or I'll eat you next.

THERAPIST. No no we're backsliding, remember what we talked about in our last session—

CRONOS. Oh sure and you've never done anything wrong in this marriage! What about that time when the soup was cold?

THERAPIST. Maybe—

CRONOS. You're not even trying to make this marriage work!

RHEA. Are you kidding me?!

THERAPIST. (*Overlapping:*) Let's try to remain positive—

CRONOS. Where is the love?! Huh? Where is the affection!!!

THERAPIST. Okay. Okay. Stop. Let's just sit down and try to move forward. We're going to try an exercise I like to call 'sharing time.' So here's what we do: Cronos, you share something you haven't told Rhea, and then Rhea, you share something you haven't told Cronos. Okay? Can we try that?

CRONOS. I guess.

THERAPIST. Cronos. You first. What haven't you told Rhea?

CRONOS. Um...Rhea...I think your sister is hotter than you.

RHEA. What!

THERAPIST. Now Rhea. What would you like to share with Cronos?

RHEA. Okay—you know how the last baby you ate was all tough?

CRONOS. I figured he was going to be god of earthquakes or something.

RHEA. Actually that wasn't a baby. That was a rock.

CRONOS. What?

RHEA. And I've been raising that child ever since to kill you.

CRONOS. What?

RHEA. Come on in, Zeus!

(ZEUS enters.)

CRONOS. See what I mean! She's been lying to me!

RHEA. Kill him Zeus!

THERAPIST. (*Shouting over them:*) There has to be a healthier way to address family conflicts!

RHEA. Get him boy!

ZEUS. Rarrrrgh!

NARRATOR 2. Oh yeah, and in the middle of this Cronos puked up all the kids he had eaten and they banded together and—

(*They all stop to look at him.*)

What? I'm not making this up. This is straight from Wikipedia.

ZEUS. This myth is kinda gross.

NARRATOR 2. Most of them are. Anyway—the regurgitated children formed a team and they had a big war and eventually defeated Cronos and the Titans and banished them forever.

ZEUS. Score!

RHEA. Hey um...since you're banishing the Titans, does that mean I'm—

ZEUS. You're banished too, Mom!

RHEA. What?

ZEUS. And you too, Titan Marriage Counselor!

THERAPIST. Dang it.

(THERAPIST *and HERA leave.*)

ZEUS. Now...I, Zeus shall rule the world as an enlightened leader and guide, using the principles of democracy and fair play to inform my decision-making skills. And I will never, ever seduce any mortal women because that would be wrong.

(ZEUS spots a girl in the audience.)

What's up? Um...I don't know if you're into this kind of thing, but uh...I'm king of the Gods.

(RHEA transforms back into NARRATOR 1.)

NARRATOR 1. Yeah, that lasted for all of about five minutes.

NARRATOR 2. So Zeus became king. And in here somewhere man appeared.

(MAN appears.)

And Zeus didn't like Man so much. So he decided to punish him for eternity.

NARRATOR 1. Jerk.

NARRATOR 2. So—as punishment—in walks—

(WOMAN enters.)

MAN. Whoah! What the heck kind of animal is that?

WOMAN. I'm not an animal, I'm actually a woman, and—

MAN. It's a talking animal! I bet it will be great to eat!

(He takes out a spear. WOMAN runs off.)

NARRATOR 2. So the next time Zeus created a woman, he decided to send the man a dream first to give him a little warning.

(ZEUS speaks through a microphone.)

ZEUS. HEY. BOB. WHAT'S GOING ON?

MAN. Is that you, mighty Zeus?

ZEUS. YEP. LISTEN: UH...THAT ANIMAL YOU KILLED YESTERDAY—

MAN. The talking one?

ZEUS. YEAH. THAT WASN'T COOL. I'M GONNA SEND YOU ANOTHER ONE. DON'T EAT HER.

MAN. Oh. All right.

ZEUS. ZEUS OUT.

NARRATOR 2. So the next day—

(PANDORA *enters*.)

PANDORA. Um...my name's Pandora and I'm looking for this guy? I guess I'm supposed to show up here and cook dinner and stuff. And also...

(*Takes out a list, reads them off bored:*)

Wash clothes, do the dishes, clean the house, make the clothes, raise the children, provide comfort in a time of trouble, be eye candy, nag you until the yardwork gets done, appreciate music and fine art... whatever that is...geez, there's a lot here.

MAN. You sound great! Welcome to the family! Now get to work washing the dishes and making dinner and make sure you don't open a mysterious box that will loose all of the evils of the world like death, disease, poverty, boy bands, and the lack of a playoff system for college football.

NARRATOR 1. I'm getting pretty offended here.

NARRATOR 2. Will you let me tell the beautiful myth?

NARRATOR 1. No. It's sexist.

NARRATOR 2. Fine. You tell the story then.

NARRATOR 1. I will. I think it's time we—

NARRATOR 2. It probably won't be as good because you're inherently inferior.

NARRATOR 1. You're pushing it buddy. But how about we look at this a different way? A feminist perspective.

NARRATOR 2. Ewww.

NARRATOR 1. Let's play this story as if it were a made-for-TV movie on the Oxygen network.

NARRATOR 2. What's that?

NARRATOR 1. It's television for women.

NARRATOR 2. They have television for women? What will they think of next?

NARRATOR 1. Anyway. Can I have some intro music please?

(*Intro music plays.*)

They seemed like the perfect suburban couple.

They were a couple that laughed together

(*They laugh.*)

Played together—

(*They play.*)

And didn't have a care in the world.

(*They don't have a care in the world.*)

But then...at a dramatically convenient point in the story, it all changed.

(MAN brings in *The Box*. *Ominous music.*)

PANDORA. What's that, sweetheart?

MAN. It's a Box. I bought it at a flea market today from a mysterious man.

PANDORA. How mysterious. Where are you going to put it?

MAN. Why are you so worried about the Box?

PANDORA. I'm not, I was just—

MAN. Don't talk about the Box. Okay? Don't.

PANDORA. Sorry. Where do you think the Box came from?

MAN. I SAID DON'T TALK ABOUT THE BOX!

(*He goes to hit her, then stops himself.*)

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have raised my voice. I need some alone time. With the Box.

(MAN takes the Box to the side and sits with it.)

NARRATOR 1. Their life changed.

(*Thunder. The sound of rain.*)

It grew stormy. Which is symbolized by stormy weather.

PANDORA. Can we talk?

MAN. No.

PANDORA. Sweetheart, I know you've been having a tough time at work—

MAN. Leave me alone! Please just leave me alone!

PANDORA. I think you've been spending too much time with the Box.

MAN. Now the truth comes out, doesn't it?! You're jealous of the Box.

PANDORA. I'm not jealous of the Box.

MAN. Liar!

PANDORA. What's in that Box, anyway?

MAN. Stay away from it! You don't understand the Box! You don't love it like I do.

PANDORA. You love it?

MAN. Why is that so hard to understand? She listens to me. She understands me.

NARRATOR 1. What could she do?

PANDORA. (*On the phone:*) Hello Police? My husband...he's in love with a Box.

POLICE OFFICER. (*Entering:*) Ha ha ha ha ha.

(POLICE OFFICER *exits.*)

PANDORA. No, please. You must help me. Why won't anyone listen to me?!

(POLICE OFFICER *enters again.*)

POLICE OFFICER. Ha ha ha ha ha.

(POLICE OFFICER *exits again.*)

PANDORA. Honey. I've come to a decision: it's me or the Box.

MAN. The Box.

PANDORA. Really?

MAN. Yes, and the Box and I have come to a decision: you need to be killed.

PANDORA. Ah!

(MAN charges PANDORA with a spatula. She grabs a fake-looking rubber knife and holds it against the Box.)

One more move and the Box gets it!

MAN. You wouldn't!

PANDORA. Try me. Drop the spatula.

(The MAN drops the spatula.)

I'm not gonna be replaced, you got me? Not by someone younger and boxier and...made out of wood. I love you, Man, and I love this marriage, and this is not coming to stand between us!

(PANDORA slices at the Box with her knife.)

MAN. Noooooooooo!

(The POLICE OFFICER runs in.)

POLICE OFFICER. You're under arrest!

PANDORA. Never!

(Gunshot. PANDORA is hit.)

PANDORA. Ah!

MAN. Pandora!

(PANDORA begins to die dramatically. She falls on top of the Box.)

Oh no!

POLICE OFFICER. Um. Ha ha ha ha.

(POLICE OFFICER exits.)

(MAN rushes to PANDORA.)

MAN. (Melodramatically:) I was blind, Pandora. I love you. I do. Please...don't die. Don't die. Please.

(PANDORA dies.)

Oh what a cruel lesson I've learned. I've taken married love for granted. Now, like all men who take married love for granted, I am doomed. Doomed, I tell you! Darn you, Box! Darn you to heck!

(He opens the Box.)

NARRATOR 1. And everything that was horrible in the world like professional wrestling, labor pains, migraine headaches, and clothes from the 70s emerged. The end.

NARRATOR 2. Now it's time for the heroic myths! Elsewhere in the Mediterranean, things were afoot.

NARRATOR 1. Big things.

NARRATOR 2. Big things were afoot. A team of heroes had been assembled. Convicted for crimes they did not commit, they had escaped from a maximum security prison near Sparta and operated on a secret ship somewhere in the Aegean Sea. Still wanted by the government, they exist as soldiers of fortune. If you have a problem, if no one else can help, and if you can find them, maybe you can hire: Jason and the Argonauts.

(The theme from "The A-Team" plays. JASON, HERCULES, ATALANTA, and ORPHEUS burst on to the stage and strike various poses.)

NARRATOR 1. No wait wait wait stop!

(The theme music stops. JASON, HERCULES, ATALANTA, and ORPHEUS leave.)

I thought of a better one.

(Theme music from the "Super Friends" plays.)

In the great ship of the Argos, there are assembled the world's four greatest heroes. Hercules. The incredibly strong son of Zeus.

(HERCULES enters looking strong. He wears a cape.)

Orpheus. Master of music.

(ORPHEUS enters with a lyre. He's very goth, would be played by Johnny Depp in the movie version. He also wears a cape.)

Atalanta. Extremely fast chick.

(ATALANTA runs around. She also wears a cape.)

And Jason. He's just a guy.

(JASON enters and smiles. He doesn't wear a cape.)

And they were joined by three junior members. The wonder twins: Castor and Pollux.

(CASTOR and POLLUX enter.)

And Gleep, the space monkey.

(They all look for a talking monkey.)

Where's the space monkey?

NARRATOR 2. Um...we killed the space monkey. It was lame.

NARRATOR 1. Fine. Whatever. Now, I'm sure you're all familiar with Jason and the Argonauts.

NARRATOR 2. Yeah, it's um...there's like uh...is that where the sea monster comes out of the ocean and there's like a flying horse and stuff?

NARRATOR 1. No.

NARRATOR 2. Or um...ooh, I know! There's a golden fleece.

NARRATOR 1. There you go.

NARRATOR 2. And uh...they uh...they do stuff to get the golden fleece?

NARRATOR 1. If I may, Jason and the Argonauts is a story everyone thinks they know, but they have no clue how it actually goes. So let's help out, shall we?

NARRATOR 2. Can I start?

(In thrilling announcer voice from "Super Friends":)

Meanwhile, on their invisible ship, the Argus.

(Sound effect.)

ORPHEUS. I have a petition here for a guy trying to become a member of the team.

JASON. What's his power?

ORPHEUS. He wears dark clothing. Mask kind of thing. Utility belt. Goes by the name of Batman.

JASON. He sounds a little too goth for me.

ORPHEUS. Hey. I resent that.

JASON. Anything else new?

ORPHEUS. I've written a sad poem to express my feelings.

HERCULES. No more poems!

JASON. Anyway, I've got a couple of requests here to save fishing villages from sea monsters, but the one that really intrigues me is our mission to grab the golden fleece and make me king.

ATALANTA. So all we're doing is making you king?

JASON. Sounds great to me. Let's do it! But how?

ORPHEUS. Let's do what we always do: ask the computer.

HERCULES. Bah! Hercules needs no computer!

JASON. Hold on. Computer: how do we acquire the golden fleece?

(A beeping noise is heard. A crumpled up ball of paper is thrown at them from the wings.)

It says here that we must sail to the island of Minos, single-handedly destroy an army, and defeat a sleepless dragon. Cool.

NARRATOR 2. So they set out for Minos. Their first challenge: harpies.

(One actress enters holding Barbie doll torsos glued onto stuffed animals. It should look silly.)

JASON. Ah! Harpies!

ORPHEUS. Oh no!

HERCULES. What the heck are those things?

HARPIES. Sqwauk! Sqwauk!

JASON. I just said they were harpies weren't you listening?

NARRATOR 2. Fun fact: the word harpy is also used to describe a nagging woman. Like my ex-girlfriend. She was always like—

HARPIES. Are you ever planning on vacuuming in here, this place is gross. I'm serious, it's totally gross in here. And take out the garbage while you're at it. And do the dishes and you're not wearing that tonight, are you?

HERCULES. Ah! I can't take it!

(*HERCULES cowers.*)

JASON. Castor, Pollux, you know what to do!

CASTOR and POLLUX. Wonder twin powers: Activate!

CASTOR. Shape of: a bucket of water!

(*He becomes a bucket of water.*)

POLLUX. Form of: a giant eagle!

(*He begins to fly around.*)

Sqwauk! Sqwauk! Begone harpies! I'm watching football all day!

HARPIES. Nooooo!

(*The HARPIES fly off, defeated.*)

JASON. Thanks wonder twins, you really saved us there.

CASTOR and POLLUX. No problem!

NARRATOR 1. So they sailed on. But they couldn't rest for now they faced: The Sirens.

(*The same Actress that played the HARPIES enters, carrying more Barbie dolls.*)

SIRENS. (*Singing:*) Hey fellas. Come on over here.

HERCULES. Let's do it! I'm coming chicas!

(*ATALANTA stands in front of them.*)

ATALANTA. Stop! They're going to kill you.

HERCULES. I don't care! They sound cute.

ATALANTA. Men. Orpheus, can't you try to be at least a little bit useful?

ORPHEUS. What I'm sorry I wasn't listening to you. What's up, ladies?

CASTOR and POLLUX. We're twins.

ATALANTA. Orpheus. Snap out of it.

ORPHEUS. Okay um...I've got an idea.

(He takes up his lyre. Music plays.)

NARRATOR 1. So Orpheus played a song even more beautiful than the Sirens' song and the Sirens stopped singing and started listening to him cause he was just that hot.

(Everyone stops to look at ORPHEUS. Even the crew members.)

SIRENS. We love you! Call us!

HERCULES. I love you too.

JASON. You're pretty.

(He snaps out of it.)

In a manly way.

ATALANTA. Um...what are you doing after this? Cause if you're not doing anything, we could have a race.

ORPHEUS. Oh um—

ATALANTA. And if you win you can marry me.

ORPHEUS. That sounds nice.

ATALANTA. But if you lose I kill you.

ORPHEUS. I'm not really all that athletic.

JASON. Stop this banter! Let's go! Look! Another challenge! It's...

(He waits and looks at the NARRATORS.)

NARRATOR 2. It was the island of lonely single women.

HERCULES. Yay!

(The same Actress who has played the SIRENS and the HARPIES enters, carrying more Barbie dolls.)

LONELY SINGLE WOMEN. Hey fellas. What's going on? We're just a bunch of lonely single women over here. Anybody up for some cuddling?

(The Argonauts, except for ATALANTA, rush over. Each of them grabs a Barbie doll.)

NARRATOR 1. Okay, wait, hold on. There's no island of lonely single women!

NARRATOR 2. I'm seriously not making this up. Look.

(He takes out a copy of the mythology book and shows it to NARRATOR 1.)

NARRATOR 1. This is ridiculous.

NARRATOR 2. Their husbands were all cheaters, so in the middle of the night they got together and killed them all.

(The ARGONAUTS stop cuddling and stop to look at the NARRATOR, horrified.)

LONELY SINGLE WOMEN. We're looking for commitment.

HERCULES. Let's get out of here!

(The ARGONAUTS drop the Barbies and run to the other side of the stage.)

JASON. That was a close one.

CASTOR and POLLUX. You can say that again.

JASON. That was a close one.

EVERYONE. *(Very fake:)* Ha ha ha.

NARRATOR 2. The next island held a princess: Medea.

(The same Actress who has played everything else appears as MEDEA.)

MEDEA. Hey there Argonauts.

JASON. Hi Medea.

MEDEA. Can I hang out on your boat?

JASON. Sure. Hey. Your name sounds a little familiar. Medea. Medea. Isn't there some kind of Greek tragedy named Medea?

MEDEA. You're imagining things. I love you.

JASON. I love you too and I'm sure there won't be any negative consequences from this relationship.

(They hug and freeze.)

NARRATOR 1. Okay, stop. You know I love a good epic as much as the next person, but it seems like all this story is a bunch of womänizers sailing around fighting girls.

NARRATOR 2. I know. It's awesome.

NARRATOR 1. Isn't there something they can do besides that?

NARRATOR 2. Well—okay. Skipping forward, skipping forward, they plant a dragon's tooth, it forms an army, then they become one thousand zombies, yadda yadda, and the zombies attack.

(*One ZOMBIE enters.*)

ZOMBIE. Brains.

NARRATOR 2. I said there were a thousand zombies.

ZOMBIE. How am I supposed to do that?

NARRATOR 2. You're an actor. Figure it out.

JASON. Ah Zombies! Argonauts assemble!

HERCULES. It's clobbering time!

CASTOR and POLLUX. Wonder twin powers: activate!

CASTOR. Shape of: a bucket of water!

(*CASTOR becomes a bucket of water.*)

POLLUX. Form of: a tyrannosaurus rex! Rarrr! Rarrr!

(*The one ZOMBIE approaches. POLLUX and HERCULES attack it.*)

ZOMBIE. Brains.

HERCULES. There's too many of them, captain!

POLLUX. Rarrrr!

JASON. Castor, get in there!

CASTOR. I'm a bucket of water!

ATALANTA. Jason, I have an idea. I could run really fast—really really fast, I could run so fast I could run into the future, go to a library, check out a book and discover how we defeated the zombie army.

JASON. That sounds logical. Do that.

NARRATOR 2. Wait a minute.

(*ATALANTA runs up to NARRATOR 2 and steals the book from him.*)

NARRATOR 2. Hey.

ATALANTA. Ah ha!

(*She runs back to JASON.*)

I'm back from the future.

JASON. That was quick.

ATALANTA. All we have to do is throw a gold coin into the middle of the zombies and they'll all kill each other fighting for it.

JASON. Great! Who's got a coin?

ATALANTA. Um...

POLLUX. Rarrr!

ORPHEUS. I don't carry cash.

CASTOR. I've got one. But I'm a bucket of water!

JASON. Hercules, do you have any money?

HERCULES. I'm not loaning you any money you'll never pay it back!

JASON. No throw a coin into the middle of the zombies!

HERCULES. Oh.

(*HERCULES takes a penny and flips it into the air. The ZOMBIE kills itself. MEDEA runs on and hugs JASON.*)

MEDEA. That was wonderful, darling.

ATALANTA. He didn't even do anything.

MEDEA. I love you.

JASON. I love you too.

MEDEA. Now the last challenge is to defeat the sleepless dragon that guards the fleece.

HERCULES. It's clobbering time!

MEDEA. No you can't fight it.

POLLUX. Wanna bet?

CASTOR and POLLUX. Wonder twin powers: activate!

CASTOR. Shape of: A bucket of water!

(*CASTOR becomes a bucket of water.*)

POLLUX. Form of: a dragon slightly larger than that dragon!

(*POLLUX becomes a dragon.*)

CASTOR. Wait. Um. Stop. Can I be the dragon this time?

POLLUX. Don't be silly. You turn into shapes and I turn into forms.

CASTOR. It seems like the only thing I can turn into is a bucket of water when you get to turn into monsters. That's not fair.

POLLUX. You know what's really not fair: I'm immortal and you're not.

CASTOR. What?

POLLUX. Check it out.

(He hands the book to CASTOR.)

CASTOR. What the heck?

POLLUX. Yeah. Cause my father is Zeus and your father was an ordinary mortal.

CASTOR. Um...wait a minute: we're twins with different fathers?

POLLUX. Yep.

CASTOR. How does that work?

NARRATOR 2. *(Snatching the book away from them:)* And once again the Greek knowledge of where babies comes from shines through!

NARRATOR 1. *(Thrilling announcer voice:)* Moments later, back at the Argos.

(Sound effect.)

JASON. Well, we defeated that dragon, got the golden fleece and are sailing for home. Mission accomplished.

MEDEA. Um...my Dad is a little bit ticked that you killed his entire army with zombies.

JASON. He'll get over it.

MEDEA. He's chasing us down with his fleet.

JASON. What can we do?

HERCULES. Let's fight them!

MEDEA. Lucky for you, I kidnapped my little brother.

(MEDEA reaches off-stage and grabs her BROTHER.)

So in order to slow my dad down I'm going to chop off all his fingers and toes and scatter them in the water. My Dad'll have to take a lot of time tracking them all down and we can escape.

(Pause. They all look at MEDEA and take a step back from her.)

Cool? Cool.

(She takes BROTHER off-stage. The Argonauts are stunned.)

ORPHEUS. Um...good luck with that marriage.

NARRATOR 2. And Jason became king and he and Medea lived happily ever... Well...maybe not so happily ever after.

NARRATOR 1. Let's show them! In Mime!

NARRATOR 2. Score!

(JASON runs out. He smiles and waves.)

(MEDEA runs out. She smiles and waves.)

(JASON gets on his knees and proposes.)

(MEDEA says yes I'd love to!)

(They get married.)

(MEDEA mimes having a baby. She hands the baby over to JASON. He smiles and rocks it. MEDEA puts a finger up as if to say: hold on. She gives birth to a second baby. She smiles and rocks it.)

(They are ever so happy.)

(A GIRL enters. She smiles and waves coquettishly at JASON. JASON drops the baby in his arms and sidles up next to the girl.)

(MEDEA looks sad.)

(JASON proposes to GIRL. She says yes.)

(MEDEA looks angry.)

(She taps JASON on the shoulder as if to say, "it's okay. I understand.")

(JASON gives her a quick hug. He gets in the position to marry GIRL.)

(MEDEA points at GIRL and makes a magical sign.)

(GIRL screams [silently], ignites, and burns into a tiny pile of dust. JASON makes the "oh no!" face.)

(MEDEA taps him on the shoulder.)

(She brings him two little children. She pats them on the head.)

(MEDEA points at the two children and makes a magical sign.)

(MEDEA shows one child igniting and burning into a tiny pile of dust.)

(MEDEA shows the second child igniting and burning into a tiny pile of dust.)

(JASON makes the “oh no!” face again.)

(MEDEA kills herself with a knife.)

(JASON sinks to his knees and holds his head.)

NARRATOR 1. Moral of the story:

NARRATOR 2. Don’t marry a witch.

NARRATOR 1. Okay, moving on!

NARRATOR 1. Well that brings us to the most beautiful love story of all time.

NARRATOR 2. Which, because this is Greek, ends in horrible, horrible death.

NARRATOR 1. Happily.

NARRATOR 2. Happily in horrible, horrible death.

NARRATOR 1. Now, if you remember this guy from before:

(ORPHEUS enters.)

Orpheus. He’s sensitive. He’s into music. He’s a little emo. But that’s cool, cause a girl could kinda go for that. He’s got magical powers. Everything you’d want in a guy.

NARRATOR 2. Not immortal.

NARRATOR 1. Except for that.

ORPHEUS. I thought I was immortal.

NARRATOR 1. Nope. Half-gods are not immortal.

(HERCULES enters.)

HERCULES. Except for me! Boo ya!

(HERCULES leaves.)

ORPHEUS. Hercules sucks.

NARRATOR 2. I hate to break this to you, Orpheus, but you’re a demi-god. A lesser god if you will. A god that showed up because your Dad was mixing it up with the mortals, if you know what I mean.

ORPHEUS. This is why I’m depressed. My father was never around when I was growing up. The only thing I’ve got is my music. My music and dark clothing.

NARRATOR 1. But then one day a new girl moved to town: Eurydice.

(EURYDICE enters.)

EURYDICE. So...uh...I'm in new in town.

ORPHEUS. Can I tell you something?

EURYDICE. Sure.

ORPHEUS. If I was a man dying in the desert, with a thousand suns burning down upon my back, I would trade a cool lake of water for one second to gaze upon you.

(*Pause.*)

EURYDICE. Okay. Well I'll see you later.

(*She leaves.*)

NARRATOR 1. But like every great love story, they had a problem. In this case, his father: Apollo.

(*APOLLO enters.*)

APOLLO. Why were you hanging out with that mortal girl?

ORPHEUS. Why do you care, Dad?!

APOLLO. I just want what's best for you. I've found this great muse for you. She's spunky, she's a little punk, I know you like that kind of thing—

ORPHEUS. Stay out of my love life!!

APOLLO. Hey. Hey. I'm your father!

ORPHEUS. You're not my father! You're just some jerk who shows up every once in a while and goes back to being the sun! Well I hate you! You got it? I hate you! Why do you think I wear black! Huh? Huh?!

APOLLO. You're going through a phase right now. Like the moon.

ORPHEUS. Shut up! Just shut up!

(*ORPHEUS runs out.*)

I'm gonna go write in my journal!

APOLLO. Why don't you do it outside, you can get a tan!

ORPHEUS. Never!

(*ORPHEUS locks himself in his room and cries.*)

NARRATOR 1. The next day...

(*EURYDICE enters.*)

EURYDICE. Hey Orpheus.

ORPHEUS. Hey.

EURYDICE. What are you doing tonight?

ORPHEUS. I'm going to fall asleep so that I might have the briefest chance to dream of your touch upon my skin and have the possibility, however slight, that you might love me in the cool darkness of the night.

EURYDICE. I'm going to the movies. You wanna come along?

ORPHEUS. Yeah, sure.

(She darts off as APOLLO enters.)

APOLLO. Son.

ORPHEUS. What do you want?

APOLLO. I know you're infatuated with this mortal girl right now—

ORPHEUS. You don't know anything about it.

APOLLO. It's something we all do. But you're not seriously considering marrying her, are you? I mean...we're different than them. Gods aren't like people, boy.

ORPHEUS. Well I'm not a god either, am I? I'm just a demi-god!

APOLLO. Look, take a page out of Zeus' book—find a mortal girl, have a little fun, and then leave. You can't fall in love with mortals. I forbid it.

ORPHEUS. What are you gonna do about it?!

APOLLO. I'm God of the Sun, right? Let's say you're walking to the store with what's her face—

ORPHEUS. Eurydice.

APOLLO. Your idiocy? That's her name? What were her parents thinking?

ORPHEUS. It's a beautiful name.

APOLLO. Whatever. Anyway, you're walking along with the idiot girl and then she looks up at the sky, and oh boy, the sun just drops on her face and burns her to a crisp. She's beautiful one minute, the next minute she's a smoking hole in the ground. What do you think about that?

ORPHEUS. I love her, Dad. Maybe you can't understand that.

APOLLO. You're grounded.

ORPHEUS. This is so unfair!

(APOLLO storms out.)

EURYDICE. Hey Orpheus.

ORPHEUS. When springtime comes and—

EURYDICE. Hold up. Hold up. My Dad says I can't go out with you any more.

ORPHEUS. What?

EURYDICE. Apparently he had a dream where the sun ate our house and he took that as a bad sign. So we're gonna have to break up.

ORPHEUS. No! You can't do this!

EURYDICE. Sorry. We're just too different.

ORPHEUS. I love you! Noooo!

EURYDICE. I have to go, Orphy.

(EURYDICE leaves. ORPHEUS sinks to his knees and tears at his hair.)

NARRATOR 1. So he did what any immensely poetical guy would do.

(ORPHEUS leaves as EURYDICE enters in a bathrobe.)

EURYDICE. Oh Orpheus, if only you knew that I really do love you. If only...

(She hears something.)

What's that?

(A love song is heard. Something like "In your Eyes" by Peter Gabriel. The music begins to get louder. EURYDICE looks out her "window." ORPHEUS enters, holding a boom box over his head. The music is very loud. She runs to him.)

EURYDICE. I love you!

ORPHEUS. I love you!

EURYDICE. Who cares what our parents say?

ORPHEUS. Let's get married right here!

EURYDICE. Sweet!

NARRATOR 1. And so they were married. And as Eurydice went to cut the cake a snake bit her and she died.

(EURYDICE dies suddenly.)

EURYDICE. Ack.

ORPHEUS. What the heck?! Are you kidding me?

(APOLLO enters.)

She just dies? We were married for three minutes! We didn't even finish the song!

APOLLO. Sorry kid. There'll be others. Let's go find some nymphs.

ORPHEUS. You did this, didn't you Dad?

APOLLO. I'm God of the Sun, not God of Snakes. I can't help if it she has bad luck. Let's go.

(APOLLO *begins to leave.*)

ORPHEUS. I still love her!

APOLLO. Well what are you gonna do now? You can't love a dead girl.

ORPHEUS. You wanna bet?

NARRATOR 1. So Orpheus came up with a plan.

ORPHEUS. I'll just go down to Hades and get her. Simple. Hey uh... by the way—where is Hades?

NARRATOR 1. Go down the highway a ways, you'll see a Wendy's. Behind the Wendy's is a dumpster—if you climb in that dumpster there's a bucket of fry grease. Just jump into that and you'll be in the underworld.

ORPHEUS. O-kay.

(ORPHEUS *exits.*)

(CHARON *enters, in a long robe.*)

NARRATOR 1. His first encounter: the boatman. Charon.

(CHARON *clears his throat for a long time.*)

CHARON. Gghghghghghghggghggkkkkkk.

ORPHEUS. Um...hey there. Funny story: I'm looking for my girlfriend.

CHARON. None may pass.

ORPHEUS. Okay yeah but um...true love, right? Don't you just love a good undead love story?

CHARON. None may...ghgghghghghghgkkkgk. Pass.

ORPHEUS. Can I play you a song I wrote about her?

(ORPHEUS *plays an alternative love song. If your actor can play a guitar, perfect. If not, overhead music works here too.*)

(**Sung to the tune of "Last Kiss":*)

Oh where oh where can Eurydice be?
She's left living society
She's gone to Hades so I got to be cool
So I can see my baby when I leave...this world.

It was a bright afternoon on our wedding day
She was beautiful in every way
She was bit in the heel
She didn't even feel
I lost my love, my life that way

Oh where oh where can Eurydice be?
Apollo took her away from me
She's gone to Hades so I got to go down
To see my baby girl in darkness town.

NARRATOR 1. And the song he sang was so beautiful and so sad
that all of Hades stopped for a second. Everything fell in love with
him right there. The stones. The rocks. Everything.

(HADES *enters.*)

HADES. Hey kid. That's some sound you got there.

ORPHEUS. Who are you?

HADES. I'm your Uncle Hades. Sheesh. Look I wanna sign you to
a record deal, you got it? We're gonna go triple platinum with that
thing. I've got this kid down here named Elvis, he's nothing com-
pared to you. I'm talking number one on every chart.

ORPHEUS. I just want my girlfriend back.

HADES. That's sweet, that's sweet. Young love. We're gonna make a
killing off that. Nobody leaves the underworld though.

ORPHEUS. Then I'm not doing the record deal.

HADES. Ah come on kid. Tell you what? I want to introduce you to
some of your fans down here.

(FURIES *enter.*)

These are the Furies.

FURIES. OMG there he is! There he is!

(*They scream.*)

I love you!
I love you more!
I love you so much!
I want to just tear you apart I love you so much!

HADES. Girls, girls. Chill out.

FURIES. Marry me!
No marry me!
Forget about her, marry me!

HADES. Tell you what. You're a sweet kid, I'm gonna make you a deal. I'm gonna let Eurydice go back up to the world of the living. I don't do that for just anybody. But you got a great sound and we're gonna be rich. So here's the deal: She's gonna walk right behind you. If you can walk out of here without looking at her, you both live. If you look back at her though, I get to keep her forever, and I'm gonna give you over to your fans there.

FURIES. We love you!
We're going to eat you!
But we still love you!
Call us!

ORPHEUS. All right.

HADES. Turn around.

(*ORPHEUS turns around.*)

Hey sweetcheeks, get your tuckus out here!

(*EURYDICE enters, wearing black.*)

All right now you two crazy kids get out of here.

(*They start walking.*)

ORPHEUS. So what you have been up to?

EURYDICE. There's a lot of daytime TV down here, actually. It's kind of horrible.

ORPHEUS. That doesn't sound too bad.

EURYDICE. Thanks for coming and getting me.

ORPHEUS. No problem.

(*They walk around in a little circle. EURYDICE trips.*)

EURYDICE. Whoops.

ORPHEUS. You okay?

(*He looks back at her.*)

EURYDICE. Nooooooooooo!

NARRATOR 1. And Eurydice was torn from his grasp.

ORPHEUS. Aaaaaaaaaah!

NARRATOR 1. And the girls descended on him.

(The FURIES grab ORPHEUS.)

FURIES. Yaayyyyyyy!

I saw him first!

No I saw him first!

He loves me!

No he doesn't he loves me!

Get off of him you cow!

You're the cow!

(They begin pulling him back and forth.)

NARRATOR 1. And they fought over him so much that they tore him into little pieces and he died right there.

ORPHEUS. Aaaaaah.

(He dies.)

FURIES. Whoops.

Um...we'll just be going then.

(The FURIES slink off, slightly ashamed of their behavior.)

NARRATOR 1. And Orpheus' spirit descended back into Hades and he met up with the girl that he loved.

(EURYDICE enters and puts a black cloak around ORPHEUS.)

ORPHEUS. Hey, now we're both dead.

NARRATOR 1. And they lived happily ever after in Hades. Well they didn't live. They were, you know, spirits and everything. But they were spirits in love for eternity. And Hades didn't let anyone torture them because Orpheus wrote some songs for Led Zeppelin. The end. And that was the very first emo love story.

(Short pause.)

And now—no study of Greek Mythology is complete without an in-depth exploration of epic poetry—

NARRATOR 2. Which we're not going to attempt—

NARRATOR 1. Instead, we are going to present the greatest epic poem of all time, *The Iliad*—

NARRATOR 2. In five minutes. Ready?

ACTOR 1. Let's do this.

ACTOR 2. Hold on, I need to pee.

(ACTOR 2 runs off-stage then runs right back on.)

NARRATOR 2. Anybody got a stop watch?

(NARRATOR 2 selects an audience member to time this.)

And...go!

NARRATOR 1. *The Iliad* is a recounting of the Trojan War by Homer—

ACTOR 2. D'oh! Doughnuts. Mmmm...

NARRATOR 1. Not that Homer. *The Iliad* is 8,674 lines long. Of those, 7,922 describe someone being killed.

NARRATOR 2. How did the Trojan war begin you ask? Well, like most wars it began with a beauty contest—

NARRATOR 1. First there was this shepherd, Paris.

(ACTOR 1 becomes PARIS—several stuffed sheep are thrown at him.)

PARIS. One sheep, two sheep, three sheep

NARRATOR 2. And he was visited by three goddesses.

(ACTOR 2 grabs three wigs and becomes three different goddesses.)

Hera.

(HERA enters.)

Aphrodite.

(APHRODITE enters.)

And Athena.

(ATHENA enters.)

GODDESSES. Greetings mortal!

PARIS. Holy Goddesses!

APHRODITE. So if you had to pick which one of us was the hottest, which one would it be and why and if you pick me, Aphrodite, then you will be able to make any girl you want fall in love with you, even mermaids.

PARIS. You're the hottest!

APHRODITE. Score!

HERA. I hate you now!

ATHENA. I hate you even more than she does!

PARIS. I hope that won't cause any problems. Oh well. Four sheep. Five sheep.

NARRATOR 1. And just then the most beautiful girl in the world happened to walk by. What are the odds?

(ACTOR 2 *finds a new wig and becomes HELEN.*)

HELEN. Hello, my name is Helen, and I'm super-hot and whoah!

(*She spots PARIS.*)

PARIS. Whoah!

HELEN. Whoah!

PARIS. Yes!

HELEN. Hey baby!

PARIS. Let's run off together!

HELEN. Woo hoo!

(*They run off together.*)

NARRATOR 2. Slight problem: she was married to the king Menelaus.

(ACTOR 2 *returns as MENELAUS.*)

MENELAUS. Has anybody seen my wife?

(ACTOR 1 *runs on as an ADVISOR.*)

ADVISOR. Um...I overheard this girl from Sparta, and she was like saying that there was this guy from Troy who's totally hot and last time I looked Helen was totally hitting on him.

MENELAUS. What?

ADVISOR. She totally dumped you. Isn't that nasty?

MENELAUS. What should I do?

ADVISOR. Well, as king I think you should raise an army and kill everyone in the same country.

MENELAUS. That sounds logical and fair. That's exactly what I'll do!

(*ADVISOR and MENELAUS run off in different directions.*)

NARRATOR 1. And so Menelaus got all of his friends together who all happened to behave like eight-year-old boys and they attacked Troy.

(ACTOR 1 *returns with a sack of green army men and ACTOR 2 returns with a sack of tan army men and they dump them onto opposing sides of the stage. *Each army does not necessarily have to be army men, it could be anything really [robots, aliens, cowboys, any kind of toy.]*)

So the Trojans are the green army men—

NARRATOR 2. And the Greeks are the tan army men—And the greatest Greek hero was a guy named Achilles who was basically invulnerable and impossible to kill.

(ACTOR 1 *becomes several Trojans and attacks ACHILLES [ACTOR 2].*)

TROJAN. I hit you!

ACHILLES. Shield. You're dead.

TROJAN. Ack.

(*ACHILLES kills him with one sword strike. ACTOR 1 runs and becomes a second TROJAN, and then a third, a fourth, etc...*)

ACHILLES. Shield. You're dead. Shield. You're dead. Shield. You're dead.

(*ACTOR 1 becomes the TROJANS and regroups. He holds various action figures and talks through them with a different voice for each one.*)

TROJANS. 'This is totally not fair! I'm taking my swords and going home!'

(*Becomes a second Trojan:*)

'Get a hold of yourself man! He has to have a weakness!'

(*Becomes a third Trojan:*)

'yes, he must have an Achilles Heel of some kind. If only we knew were to look!'

(*Becomes a fourth Trojan:*)

'Yes, where could his Achilles heel be?'

(*Becomes the first Trojan again:*)

'I don't care. I'm going home!'

(*Becomes another Trojan:*)

'Shut it! Let's send our greatest hero, Hector out to fight him.'

(*Becomes HECTOR and speaks in an outrageous Spanish accent:*)

Hello. My name is Hector. You killed my friends, prepare to die.

ACHILLES. Shield. You're dead.

HECTOR. (*Dying very quickly:*) Ack. Not fair.

NARRATOR 2. So the war was not going well. But then Paris got a lucky shot in with his bow.

ACHILLES. Ah! I've been struck in my Achilles heel! Oh the irony. Ack.

(*He dies.*)

NARRATOR 1. And there was much rejoicing.

TROJANS. 'We are the champions my friend. No time for losers cause we are the Champions'

NARRATOR 2. But there was no time for carefully choreographed dance numbers because the war was about to drag on for another nine years.

NARRATOR 1. What?

NARRATOR 2. Until finally.

(*ACTOR 2 becomes the GREEKS and approaches.*)

GREEK. All right, Trojans. We give up. We're going home. And to make sure you believe it, we're going to give you this large, wooden horse with enough room for a lot of people to hide in it as a present.

TROJANS. You must think we're pretty dumb!

GREEK. Yes we do. We think you're pretty dumb. Now there are a few ground rules with the horse. First, you can't set it on fire.

TROJANS. Awww.

GREEK. Second, you can't poke it with swords.

TROJANS. But that's what I do with all my pets.

GREEK. Third. If you hear any noises or people moving around inside the horse, you have to ignore that because most horses have complicated digestive systems. Even wooden ones.

TROJANS. Okay.

ODYSSEUS. Good. Now if you'll excuse me I'm going to hide somewhere.

(*ODYSSEUS climbs into the horse.*)

NARRATOR 1. And so the horse entered the city of Troy. And as the Trojans partied that night—

(*Music plays. "TROJANS" dance.*)

TROJANS. 'Y. M. C. A. It's fun to stay at the Y. M. C. A.!

NARRATOR 2. I said there was no time for carefully choreographed dance numbers!

TROJANS. Well how are we even supposed to have a war then?

NARRATOR 1. Anyway, that night the Greeks snuck out of the horse—

(*ACTOR 2 runs around like a madman, kicking over action figures, stomping them, punting them, humiliating them, picking them up and hurling them into the wings, generally making a complete fool of himself.*)

ACTOR 2. And these guys over here were like, ‘no, don’t kill us!’ and the Greeks were like ‘die die die die die!’ and then there was this other guy over here who was passed out and they were like stab stab stab stab and then all the Trojans were running this way and the Greeks were like rarrrrrrrrghghgh! And this guy got punted into the wings—

(*He takes an action figurine and punts it.*)

And then these guys jumped off the city wall

(*He throws some off the stage.*)

And then Helen and Paris were up here in the tower

(*He produces a Barbie figurine for PARIS.*)

And Paris was like I’m so pretty! Wait.

(*Picks up a different figurine.*)

This is Paris. And this is Helen. And they were in the tower and Helen was like ‘I love you’ and Paris was like ‘Gee thanks baby’ ‘what do you mean gee thanks?’ ‘I just want to be friends’ ‘I left my kingdom for you’ ‘give me some sugar’ okay. Smooch. Smooch. Smooches. And the Greeks over here were like arrarrarrarrgh! And here’s Menelaus and he’s like they’re smooching in the tower! Nooooo! So they were charging and there was smooching and then it was like all of a sudden this giant bird came down—it was the Millennium Falcon!

(*Gets out a spaceship.*)

And there were aliens everywhere! And the aliens were like let’s nuke the whole place! And then boom!

(*He starts throwing figurines everywhere.*)

Boom! Booom! And some of the guys mutated into zombies and they were like brains! Brains! And gyros! And then the other guys were like oh no zombies! Nooooo! Ahhh!

And then and then and then

(He grabs a pail of water.)

A flood! A flood! And then aarrrhgħgħgħgħgħgħgħgħgħgħ!

(ACTOR 2 rolls around on the floor screaming and throwing figurines everywhere. Finally he stops. Everyone is just staring at him.)

NARRATOR 1. Yeah. Just like that.

NARRATOR 2. Anyway, and then it came down to Paris versus Menelaus, mano e. mano.

(ACTOR 1 becomes PARIS. ACTOR 2 becomes MENELAUS.)

NARRATOR 1. A titanic struggle.

(They slap fight like small children.)

PARIS. Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow.

MENELAUS. Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow.

NARRATOR 2. Until finally:

(MENELAUS slaps PARIS hard and he dies.)

PARIS. Ack.

(ACTOR 1 runs and grabs HELEN's wig.)

MENELAUS. Give me some sugar, baby.

HELEN. You always say the nicest things.

NARRATOR 1. And they lived happily ever after until they got home from the war and his friend Agamemnon was murdered by his wife and her lover in a bathtub

(ACTOR 2 collapses as ACTOR 1 stabs him.)

And then their son grew up and sought revenge and killed his mom

(ACTOR 2 jumps up and stabs ACTOR 1, who dies.)

And then he lived happily ever after until he was chased down by the Furies who hated him—

(ACTOR 1 jumps up and stabs ACTOR 2, who dies.)

Okay, fine, no one lived happily ever after.

NARRATOR 2. And that—is Greek mythology.

NARRATOR 1. The end.

(Lights down.)

End of Play